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A GAZETTE OF THE PEOPLE
Office on Illinois Street, North of Washington.

By CHAPMANS & SPANN.

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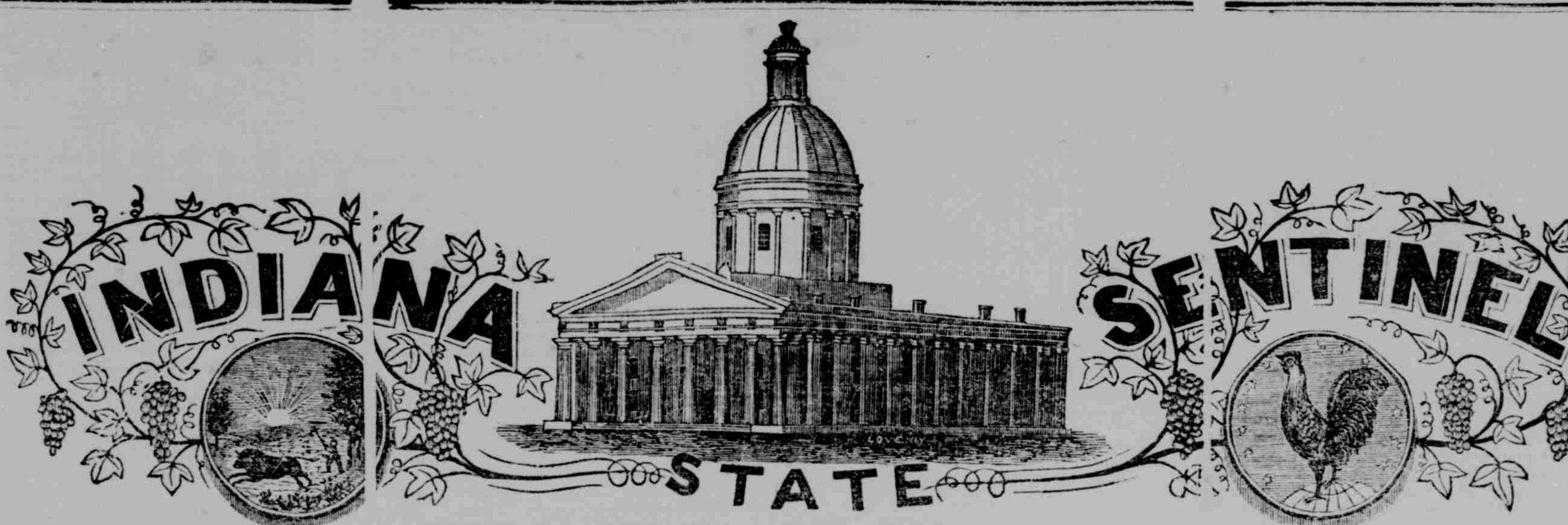
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SEMI-WEEKLY.

[Volume III Number 113]

Coolness.

A TALE ABOUT A HEAD.—Jake was a little buck negro who belonged to Dr. Talaferro; and was said to have in his little frame a heart as big as Gen. Jackson's—to say nothing of Napoleon Bonaparte and Zack Taylor. He had not seen old Nick; and as for coolness—he was as cool as the tip-top of the North Pole.

One day, Dr. Talaferro, upon occasion of the commencement of a Medical College, of which he held the chair of Anatomy, gave a dinner. Among the guests was a well known ventriloquist. Late in the evening, after the bottle had done its work, the conversation turned upon courage, and the Doctor boasted considerably of the iron heart of his favorite man Jake. He offered to bet that nothing could scare him; and this bet the ventriloquist took up, naming at the same time the test he wanted imposed. Jake was sent for and come.

"Jake," said the Doctor, "I have bet a large sum of money on your head, and you must win it. Do you think you can?"

"Berry well, master," replied Jake, "just tell nigga what he's to do, an' he'll do it shore."

"I want you to go to the dissecting room. You will find two dead bodies there. Cut off the head of one with a large knife which you will find there, and bring it to me. You must not take a light, however; and don't get frightened."

"Dat's all, is it?" enquired Jake, "Oh, berry well. I'll do dat shore far sartin; and as for bein' frightened, the debil himself aint a gwinne to frighten me."

Jake accordingly set off, and reached the dissecting room, groped about until he found the knife and the bodies. He had just applied the former to the neck of the latter, when from the body he was about to decapitate a hollow sepulchral voice exclaimed—

"Let my head alone!"

"Yes, sah," replied Jake; "I ain't ticklar; and toddler head'll do jes as well."

He accordingly put the knife to the neck of the next corpse, when another voice, equally unearthly in its tone shrieked out—

"Let my head alone!"

Jake was puzzled at first; but answered presently—

"Look a yah! master Tolliver sed I must bring one ob de heads, and you isn't a gwinne to fool me no how!" and Jake hacked away until he separated the head from the body. Thereupon half a dozen voices screamed out—

"Bring it back! Bring it back!"

Jake had reached the door, but on hearing this, turned around and said—

"Now—now—say yah! Jes you keep quite, you duce ob a fool, an' don't wake up de women folk. Marstar's only gwinne to look at de bumps."

"Bring back my head at once!" cried the voice.

"Tend to you right away, sah!" replied Jake, as he marched off with the head; and in the next minute deposited it before the Doctor.

"So you have got it, I see," said his master. "Yes, sah!" replied the unmoved Jake, "but please be done lookin' at him soon, kase de gempla told me to fetch him back right away."

CORD FOR CORD—Speaking of the value of Wooster rags reminds us of an anecdote that transpired on the Ohio river. Soon after the failure of the Gallipolis bank, a steamboat man accosted the keeper of a wood yard as follows:

Boatman—Do you take Gallipolis money for wood?

Woodman—Yes.

Boatman—How will you exchange?

Woodman—Cord for cord.

The boatman handed over the hand, for the reason that he hadn't quite a cord of the rags, raised the steamer and went ahead.—*Trumbull Democrat.*

We can beat that. A friend related to us yesterday the following pup story:

A poor family in this city, the man a hewer of wood, (for he works in a ship yard,) the women a drawer of water, (she takes in washing) had the good fortune to become possessed of a family of dogs. When the pups had got their eyes open and ripe for sale, it was discovered that there was but one son of a b—h among them. This the family were determined to make the most of, and for the little cur (he was not a blooded dog) asked a dollar. One day the women found a purchaser. The husband came home at night, found the pup gone, and his wife in possession of a three dollar Bank of Wooster bill, for which she had given the pup and two dollars in small change.

Well, wife, said the chop-fallen husband, you have sold your pup for nothing, and have given two dollars for taking him away. How so? Why, did you not know that the Bank of Wooster had broke?

No indeed, said the astonished woman; how should I know it, when not a newspaper comes to the house?

Good enough for us, said the husband; for our sake and the sake of our children, says the Cleveland Plaindealer, let us sell our dogs and **TAKE A NEWSPAPER.**

RATS.—There lived, not five hundred years ago, a 'rum 'un' who was, in Southern parlance, what is termed a 'smiler'—one of your good, easy men, who takes his nippers, 'with an air,' and loves the 'spirits' not for themselves but their effect. He was a jolly tippler, though he 'scorned the action' of a toper, and when the liquor was in him his benevolent, kind heart would sparkle in his smiling face. *In vino veritas* was never more truthfully manifested. But though our jolly son of Bacchus was fond of his glass, it was only of the social order. He was none of your 'contingent remainders' of bloated mortality, that seem to act upon the idea that they were predestined to be animated 'swell tubs.' His friends, however, grew alarmed lest he might become confirmed in his habit of 'smiling,' that he might, ere long, become an inveterate soaker. Every appeal was made to him to reform, and urgent exhortations to sobriety. Firstly, he would not; secondly he ought to be ashamed of himself, and thirdly and lastly, how could he? To all their earnest endeavours old 'smiler' was perfectly indifferent. It was determined, therefore, as a dernier resort, to get up a case of delirium tremens on him, for the purpose of frightening him from his property. It is said that when a person is in one of these fits, one of the first things seen by the distempered imagination is rats. Accordingly a trap was set—or rather two, one for a rat and the other for 'smiler.' A 'bouncer' with a tail like a file was caught in one, and we shall hear how the other worked.

The friends met the 'candidate' in a room rat proof. A little of what 'smilers' call 'the milk of human kindness' was ordered up, and the old fellow 'took to it,' as natural as an infant in arms' to its maternal. While 'smiler' was potating, the rat was let loose and shot across the room immediately in front of him. He started, of course, as any one would, drunk or sober, with poker in hand, in hot pursuit, to slay the intruder. 'Hallo, here, fellow,' shouted he, 'here's a rat.' 'Quick quick, Ned, there he goes,' a rat, a poor frightened thing started away again from behind a place of concealment, with old 'smiler' in full chase after him, dealing sundry random blows every where, excepting directly on the rat.

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